

LITTLE ORPHAN DOES HEAVY AT 15

This Little Orphan Housewife Struggled Bravely to Keep Her Brother's Home, but Succumbed to Taunts.

SOUGHT RELIEF IN POISON.

Left Loving Letters for Brother, Telling of Childish Grievs and Longings and Bequeathing Him All Her Savings.

There are few more pathetic stories interwoven with child life than the one which found its sad climax in the suicide of fifteen-year-old Mary Behavey, of No. 235 East Sixty-sixth street. This little girl, orphaned in her early childhood, had shouldered the burdens of the household consisting of herself and her older brother and, unable to share in the sports and pastimes of girls of her own age, had brooded silently and uncomplainingly, unheeding the taunts of the children in her neighborhood for her refusal to neglect her household duties for play.

But finally, when added to these childish griefs, came a baseless insinuation of the theft of a few pennies, she could bear it no longer and, going to the house of a friend, gave way to passionate weeping and then drank the contents of a bottle of carbolic acid.

About six years ago there were few happier families in this city than that of the Behaveys, and nothing but sunshine filled the snug little apartment on East Sixty-sixth street. Mary was then but nine years old, and there was not a more joyous romp among the children of the neighborhood. But the gloaming was soon turned to darkness when both parents of the little girl were carried away by pneumonia.

TOOK UP HER BURDEN.

As there were no other relatives in this country the orphaned boy and girl had no one to go to in their distress, but Charles Behavey was then budding into early manhood and told his little sister that if she could look after the house he would be able to support her. This brave child then exhibited more courage than might be expected from many women, and began her household duties with a will. Unassisted she kept the little flat in perfect order, did all the cooking and even made some of her own clothes.

"Never once did she utter a complaint," said her brother, "and every morning report that she was well. And though at the time I took it as somewhat a matter of course, when I look back on all the work she did with those slender little arms I marvel at how she did it."

"Every evening when I came home from work I would find a steaming supper on the table, and when I sat down my little sister would wait on me, smiling and chatting away as if she was supremely happy. I know now that many of those smiles were summoned to hide bitter longings to join the children she could hear romping in the street."

"I have often seen her sit by the window and look sadly out into the street, but when I spoke to her and asked what was the matter she would be all smiles again."

A Man, So Did Not See.

"I did not know until a short time ago that the little girl who had been her playmate before, mother and father died, ever taunted her with her drudgery and I did not learn it from Mary, but from one of the neighbors. Nor did I know that any one had insinuated that she had stolen until after I heard the terrible news of her drinking carbolic acid."

"Yesterday morning when I left the house to go to work she kissed me with the usual affectionate embrace, but when I got out in the street I noticed her standing at the window watching me."

After her brother had left her yesterday morning the little girl went to the apartment of Josephine Jappel, at No. 447 East Seventy-eighth street, and found that she had been accused of taking a pocketbook and also of owing the baker 15 cents. She wept passionately as she said this, and told her friend that she could not stand it any longer. Then she suddenly drew a little bottle from her pocket and placed it to her lips and drank. Her friend rushed to her side and tore the bottle from her, but she had swallowed nearly two ounces of poison and fell to the floor.

SO SORRY, BUT COULDN'T STAND IT.

Raising herself on her arm, she said: "There are two letters for Charles in my pocket. Tell him that I am, oh! so sorry, but I couldn't stand it any more." Then the little girl sank back unconscious. She has been taken to the Freshwater Hospital, where she died this morning. As the spirit left the little body she said to her nurse: "I always tried to do what I could, but I saw it didn't do any good."

One of the letters for brother read: "My Dear Charles: I take great pleasure in writing this note, but I can't help it. Annie Braxak went and said I owed the bakery man 10 or 15 cents and I didn't know anything about it. Mrs. Upper says she thinks I have her pocket-book that is missing and it breaks my heart to think over such a thing. I could not stand it any longer, so I thought the best thing for me to do was to commit suicide. I always tried to do my best, but it didn't seem to do any good."

The other letter reads: "By your loving sister Mary."

"I am very, very sorry to leave you, but what can I do. I never in my life enjoyed myself as other children. I am always crying. I hope you will forgive what I have done. I know you were always good to me and gave me whatever I wanted. I will make my will that you may have all the money I have and to me in the bank, and I hope you will enjoy it. Sending best love, good-bye, darling, good-bye, I hope you will forgive me."

The little girl had in the bank what to people of her age is a small fortune, part of which had been left her by her parents and part of which she had saved from the slender allowance given her by her brother.

Prominent Educator Dead.

CHARLOTTEVILLE, Va., Nov. 21.—James B. Baker, Secretary of the Faculty of the University of Virginia, for twenty years, died this morning, aged sixty-eight years.

TAUNTS DROVE THIS YOUNG GIRL TO END HER LIFE BY DRINKING POISON.



WOMAN OF 80 GOT \$1 FOR \$10,000

Relatives of Mrs. Sarah Gesner Seek to Have Courts Decide Her Competency to Care for Her Estate.

RATIONAL ON THE STAND.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., Nov. 21.—A Sheriff's jury to-day began an inquiry into the competency of Mrs. Sarah Gesner, eighty years old, of Dobbs Ferry, to manage her estate.

Mrs. Gesner is the widow of John Gesner, who was known as the oldest employee of the New York Central Railroad, having worked for the company more than fifty years.

Mr. Gesner died in Dobbs Ferry, leaving a comfortable estate. Some time ago, it is alleged, a Miss Closter, who is also known as "Mme. Villier," and who is said to be a clairvoyant and palmist, induced Mrs. Gesner to deed to her property in Dobbs Ferry valued at \$10,000 for the consideration of \$1.

Miss Closter is said to be a friend of Mrs. Gesner's brother, William Roberts. Mrs. Gesner's grandchildren in New York have been investigating her affairs and they say they have found that neither the taxes on her remaining property nor a small mortgage on the property has been paid. They therefore want the jury to decide whether or not Mrs. Gesner is competent to manage her affairs and especially whether she knew what she was doing when she deeded property to Miss Closter.

Dr. Hasbrouck, of Dobbs Ferry, who was physician to the late Samuel J. Tilden, testified to-day that in his opinion Mrs. Gesner was not competent to manage her estate. He thought she was in delirium and unable properly to look after her affairs.

Mrs. Gesner testified in her own behalf and made an excellent witness. She apparently, in spite of her years, understood clearly every question that was asked and answered promptly. When asked whether she knew the nature of the deed she had signed in favor of Miss Closter she replied that she knew very well what the document was and that she had received a silver dollar in consideration of her having signed it. She was asked why she had received a silver dollar and she replied that that made the deed binding in law. She said she could sign a similar deed again if it were necessary.

Mrs. Gesner admitted that she had told several persons that at her death her property was to go to her brother and Miss Closter.

SAILORS' WIDOWS GET BIG DAMAGES.

Hamburg-American Line Assessed \$17,500 and \$7,500 for Deaths Through Accident.

The Hamburg-American Steamship Company has been assessed \$25,000, thus far, in suits by the widows for the loss of the lives of their husbands in the sinking of the Bennett by the steamship Alene.

Mary W. Lennan, the widow of Pilot Lennan, one of the five men lost off Scotland Light when the West India steamer Alene ran down the pilot boat and sank her, Aug. 17, 1901, was awarded \$17,500 damages for her loss, by a jury to-day, before Justice Keener, in the Supreme Court.

Two tiny boys, children of the widow, played about the courtroom during the trial. Ex-Judge Lindsay, of Kentucky, appeared for the widows.

Minnie Grube, whose husband was the steward on the Bennett, got a verdict of \$7,500 damages before Justice Gildersleeve in Part VIII, but in the case of Barbara Mix for the loss of her husband the jury disagreed.

There are still three suits pending for loss of the lives of those sailors.

BOY BEATEN AND TIED IN COALBIN.

Police Declare Thirteen-Year-Old Leonard Rizzoli Was Brutally Flogged by Mother for Failing to Get Work.

FLUNG INTO DAMP CELLAR.

(Special to The Evening World.) NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 21.—The attention of the Children's Aid Society was called by neighbors to-day to a case of cruelty rarely equalled.

Neighbors hearing the groans of thirteen-year-old Leonard Rizzoli coming from a damp cellar informed the police, and investigation revealed the boy tied hand and foot in a coal bin. Yesterday, the police allege, the mother administered a severe beating to the boy for not securing work.

The family lives in a tenement at No. 34 Garfield street. The boy, in order to escape a thrashing, told his mother he was to go to work to-day. Tired of beating the boy, the police say, the woman tied him to a table and afterward dragged him to the cellar and threw him into a coal bin. The boy was in a deplorable condition as a result of his harrowing experience.

BOY OF SIXTEEN HANGS HIMSELF.

Mystery in Cause for Suicide of Willie Camp with a Halter Strap in Father's Stable.

(Special to The Evening World.) BARNEGAT, N. J., Nov. 21.—Much mystery surrounds the suicide of sixteen-year-old William Camp in the stable which he had signed in favor of Miss Closter. The family insists that there was no love affair.

When his father, Reuben Camp, one of the best known and most prosperous residents of this place, died after a long illness, he found that his son had left his bed during the night. The house was searched and he was not found.

On going to the stable the father ran into the legs of his son, which were dangling down from the hayloft. Investigation showed that the boy had hanged himself to a rafter with a halter strap.

He had been dead several hours when found. In many ways the boy was an exemplary youth. He was studious, spending most of his time with books of law and history. He did not care for novels, preferring histories.

He had not been ill and had seemed in his normal happy mood when he retired the night before. He had never spoken of an intention to take his life, and displayed considerable ambition and hope.

He had been attentive to any girl it was without the knowledge of his family and his immediate friends. He fell on the ice while skating last winter and injured his spine, but the trouble passed in a few weeks, and after that he never complained.

CHESTERS CELEBRATE.

New Democratic Club in Harlem Gives an Enjoyable Banquet.

The members of the Phil Chester Democratic Club, of the Thirty-third Assembly District, held their annual banquet at their clubrooms, last night.

The feature of the programme was a song by Edward McCormick. The officers of the club are: President, Nicholas Cella; Vice-President, Michael N. Dolan; Treasurer, Joseph Campanelli; Financial Secretary, Valentin Ciani; Corresponding Secretary, John Wallace; Recording Secretary, Anthony Mayo; Sergeant-at-Arms, Charles Canaro; Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, James Canaro.

Among the prominent guests who attended were: Ex-Coroner Zuca, Alderman McCall, Assemblyman-elect O'Farrell, John Fresh, President Nicholas Cella, Antonio Zuca, S. Samaras, S. Manheim and Messrs. Hayes, Carochalo, Zup and Samuels.

The Phil Chester Club has been in existence only four weeks, but it promises to become one of the foremost Democratic clubs in Harlem.

TALKED, WITH A BULLET IN HEART

Man Fatally Shot in Fight Walked Downstairs, Spoke to Policeman and then Fell Dead in the Street.

QUARREL ABOUT HIS WIFE.

Robb Accused Her of Wrongdoing with Boarder—He Struck Her and Then Clark Interfered—Suspected Man Has Fled.

With a bullet through his heart, David Robb walked from his home on the third floor of the building at No. 203 East Ninety-seventh street to the sidewalk, where he fell dead. On the way down the stairs he talked to a policeman without causing a suspicion that he had been injured.

William Clark, a West Indian, who shot Robb, is a fugitive and a general alarm has been sent out for his arrest. The shooting followed a quarrel over Robb's wife, who says Clark shot her husband in self-defense. Mrs. Robb and Sophia Jones are held as witnesses.

Often Threatened Boarder.

It is said that Robb has often accused his wife of infidelity and has made threats to Clark, who was a boarder. Early to-day he came home, and witnesses say he was intoxicated. He accused Clark and his wife and a quarrel followed. Mrs. Robb insisting that his accusations were false.

Robb, it is charged, rushed at his wife and struck her several times before Clark interfered. He then turned on Mrs. Robb, who was in the room, and she fled. Clark fired, the bullet piercing Robb's heart.

The shot aroused everybody in the building and was heard by Patrolman Gibbons, of the East One Hundred and Fourth street station, who was standing across the street. He rushed into the hall, and as he was going up the stairs he met Robb.

Sent Him to Third Floor.

"You'd better go up on the third floor," the injured man said. "There's trouble of some kind up there."

Gibbons passed him and went to the third floor, where he found an excited crowd. Mrs. Robb told him of the shooting, and said he must have passed her husband on the stairs. The policeman went back to the street and found the man lying dead on the steps. As a precaution he summoned an ambulance.

All the reserves at the police station were turned out and a house-to-house search was made for Clark. He had disappeared, however, and could not be found. Police Headquarters were notified and a general alarm was sent out.

No. 203 East Ninety-seventh street is in "The Block of All Nations." Six months ago Vetos Troja, a rich Italian tanker, was murdered in his store at No. 24.

After being arraigned before Magistrate Moit in Harlem Court they were remanded to the custody of the Coroner.

\$50,000 FOR YALE LAW SCHOOL.

NEW HAVEN, Nov. 21.—By the will of Augustus E. Lines, of this city, which was filed in the Probate Court a trust fund of \$50,000 is created for the benefit of the testator's widow, and is provided that at her death \$50,000 of this amount is to go to Yale Law School for the support of a professorship of testamentary law.

AFTER MARRIAGE. Different Living Affects Some People.

"I never drank coffee until after I was married," says a lady from Adairville, Ga.

"My husband drank coffee and I thought it was nice to drink with him, and we enjoyed it together. After a while I found my digestive organs were much disturbed, but not knowing the cause I went on drinking coffee and growing more wretched each day."

"In due time three little girls came to what ought to have been a happy home, but I was nervous and unhappy myself and could not make any one else happy. To my great consternation two of my little girls had spasms, and I, a nervous wreck, found it impossible to eat anything that did not hurt my stomach."

"I finally concluded I had heart disease, my heart pained me so much after eating, and my head was so dizzy I often thought I would fall when trying a walk across coffee room."

"I tried every medicine I heard of, and had different doctors treat me, but with no benefit. I could not sleep half the night, and never slept sound; I would wake out of a frightful dream only to doze and wake again."

"Finally I read of Postum Food Coffee and from our grocer, I made some according to directions. I liked its flavor very much and the first cup seemed to help my stomach. I used it every meal, sometimes making a whole meal on Postum and a bit of bread."

"I improved so fast that I could soon eat anything I wanted. I began to look so much better my friends were surprised and said I looked as well as when I was first married. I could sleep as sweetly as a child. Of course the children were cured of their spasms, and they all began to fatten and the spasms stopped."

"I wish I could impress it on every weak, nervous person to abandon coffee and use Postum Cereal. If every nervous person could have seen me in my nervous affliction from drinking coffee, and could now see me and my little ones around the table enjoying our Postum, they surely would never indulge in coffee again, for there is no more nervous prostration, no more headaches, no more spasms, and I am able to do my own work and care for my children."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

LEAPS TO DEATH TO WIN A WAGER?

Neighbors Say Bridget McCoy Jumped from Fourth-Story to Beat a Friend to the Ground Floor.

POLICE CALL IT SUICIDE.

Two Ribs and an Ankle Were Broken and Girl Was Taken from Mrs. Kahn's Home to Roosevelt Hospital Where She Died.

Bridget McCoy, a laundress in the employ of Mrs. Kahn, No. 57 West Sixty-ninth street, jumped from the fourth-story window to-day and sustained injuries which resulted in her death in Roosevelt Hospital.

The police reported that the girl committed suicide. None of the Kahn household would tell anything about the case. The neighbors said that the girl's leap was the result of a foolish fancy which led her to jump from the window in order to win a bet.

According to this story, Bridget and Mary Clark, the other servant, were on the fourth floor of the house, when Bridget said to the other girl: "I bet I can beat you to the ground floor."

"Done," said Mary, and with that she dashed out the door and started to run downstairs. Bridget instead of following her, ran to the window and leaped out. She won the bet, but it cost her her life. She sustained internal injuries, two broken ribs and a broken ankle.

A policeman was notified and called an ambulance from Roosevelt Hospital. The injured laundress was taken there and died this afternoon.

The police say that the woman's mind was affected because of the death of her former mistress in Baltimore. Up to a few weeks ago Bridget was employed in a Baltimore family, but when her mistress died she came to New York and went to work for Mrs. Kahn. She brooded over what she deemed a great personal loss.

Last night she said that she would not remain in New York longer and packed her trunk, expecting to return to Baltimore to-day. She got up at her usual time, the police say they learned, but did not go to her work. Instead she remained in her room. Mary Clark saw her acting peculiarly. Then Bridget went to the window before Mary could stop her and leaped out.

COLOMBIA APOLOGIZES TO CASEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 21.—The Pacific Mail Company's tender Izabal was riddled with bullets by Colombian troops and the Government has apologized to Admiral Casey.

The President and Secretary Cartier were driven to the White House.

ROOSEVELT REACHES HOME.

President Back in the White House from Bear Hunt.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—President Roosevelt arrived here at 6 o'clock this morning over the Southern Railroad. A little crowd was at the station to welcome his return. As he left the train he shook hands with the engineer and fireman and thanked them for the safe run they had made.

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B. Altman & Co.

Have made considerable reductions in the prices of a number of

TRIMMED HATS

to take effect Saturday, November 22d.

(Department on Third Floor.)

Eighteenth St., Nineteenth St., Sixth Avenue, New York.

BALDWIN & CO. CLOTHIERS,

241 Broadway,
(Opposite City Hall Park.)

From Manufacturer to Consumer Direct.

Owing to the mildness of the weather, and in consequence of elaborate preparations for an immense fall trade, we are compelled to cut everything in HALF in order to move them. We will sell TO-DAY and TO-MORROW

All our \$10.00 Suits and Overcoats for . . .	\$5.00
All our \$12.00 Suits and Overcoats for . . .	6.00
All our \$15.00 Suits and Overcoats for . . .	7.50
All our \$20.00 Suits and Overcoats for . . .	10.00
All our \$25.00 Suits and Overcoats for . . .	15.00

Overcoats are of finest quality, blue, black and Oxford kerseys and Irish friezes, Carr's meltons, fancy plaids and Montagnacs. Suits of the best qualities, of chevrons, tibets, undressed worsteds, vicunas, fancy cassimeres, blue and black diagonals. The workmanship is of the best and trimmings are unexcelled. All this season's make, and are made in single and double breasted sack and newest cutaways.

Car Fare Paid to All Purchasers Who Present This Advertisement.

The Sunday World Want section is an inexhaustible fountain: it is fed by those who have and supplies those who want.

WOULDN'T TAKE DARE, SO WEDDED

Now the Bride of 15 Seeks Through Her Brother Release from Her 18-Year-Old Spouse.

ROMANTIC END TO A DANCE.

For Two Years Miss Franklin Has Been Mrs. Goldstein, but Her Friends and Admirers Have Only Just Learned the Fact.

In a suit commenced in the Supreme Court in Brooklyn to-day is revealed a romance in which the heroine, fifteen years old, became the wife of the hero, aged eighteen. This was two years ago. The suit is the sequel to this juvenile idyll and is brought by Meyer J. Franklin, of No. 18 Avenue A, Manhattan, who asks to be appointed guardian for his sister, Mrs. Minnie Goldstein, now seventeen years old, in order that he may bring proceedings to annul her marriage to Harry Goldstein.

Samuel Abrams, attorney for Franklin, said, in explaining the suit: "On the night of Dec. 15, 1900, Minnie Franklin, then fifteen years old, a sister of Meyer J. Franklin, attended a dance in an east-side hall and there she made the acquaintance of Harry Goldstein. They danced together several times and he became infatuated with her. During a dance he said to her: 'You are so pretty that I could marry you.'"

"I wouldn't take a dare," she replied, and they left the hall together and were married that night. They never lived together. They have seen each other only a few times since then and have expressed no affection for each other.

"The girl has never gone by her husband's name and has continued to be known as Minnie Franklin. The objection to the match, outside of the extreme youth of the couple, is that Goldstein is a Christian, while she is a Hindu."

Mrs. Minnie Franklin Goldstein is a very attractive girl, and it is being known that she was married, has had a number of suitors, who unite in saying: "She is the belle, they say, of Avenue A."

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THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT



To Prove what Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney Remedy, Will Do for YOU, Every Reader of "The Evening World" May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, therefore, when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue fatal results are sure to follow.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys most, because they do most and need attention first. If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

The mild and immediate effect